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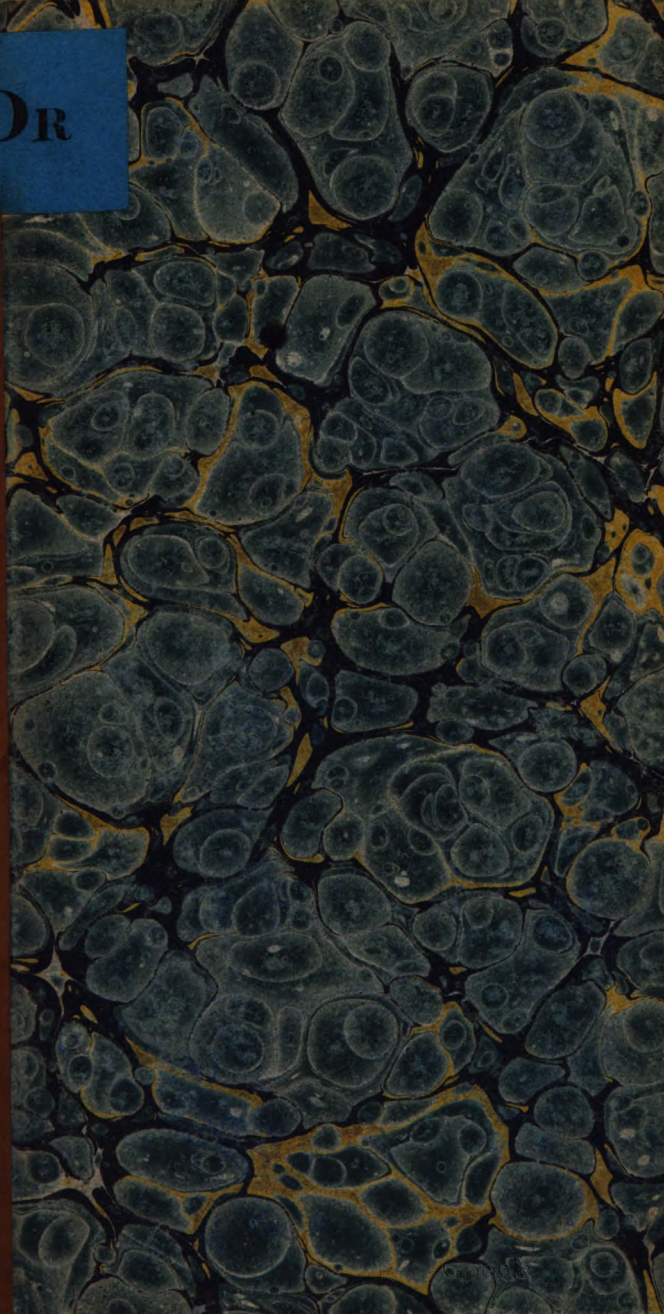
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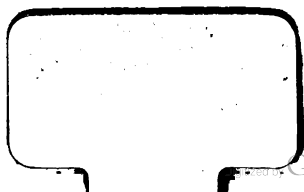
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Dr



47. 1027.



NOBODIES' AT HOME;
SOMEBODIES' ABROAD,

A FARCE,

In Two Acts,

WITH HISTORICAL REFERENCE TO THE POET CHURCHILL.

BY

MRS. HALLETT.

AUTHORESS OF 'WOMAN'S WHIMS,' 'JUNIPER JACK,' 'TIMOROUS
GENTLEMAN,' 'MONOMANIA,' 'CHESTER FAIR,
OR THE PROPHECY,' &c. &c.

AS PERFORMED AT

THE ROYAL OLYMPIC THEATRE,

AND

THE QUEEN'S THEATRE.

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LONDON:

PRINTED AND PUBLISHED BY W. S. JOHNSON,  
"NASSAU STEAM PRESS," 60, ST. MARTIN'S LANE.

1847.

*Registered at the Lord Chamberlain's Office.  
Entered at Stationers' Hall.*



# DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

*First Performed at the Olymptic Theatre.*

|                                                                                 | QUEEN'S.            | OLYMPIC.         |
|---------------------------------------------------------------------------------|---------------------|------------------|
| Mr. Buggins ( <i>a London Cheesemonger, Mrs. Loosecash's brother</i> )          | MR. DEERING . . .   | MR. LEWIS.       |
| Baron de Quatre Franc ( <i>a penniless Peer of France</i> )                     | MR. ROYER . . .     | MR. HALFORD.     |
| Mr. Dent ( <i>a Dentist from London</i> )                                       | MR. LEWIS . . .     | MR. MULFORD.     |
| Phelim O'Flinn ( <i>an Irish servant to Mrs. Loosecash</i> )                    | MR. RENAUD . . .    | MR. T. LEE.      |
| The Caffre Chargé d'Affaires . . .                                              | MR. NELSON.         |                  |
| The Prince Noirphizattoo . . .                                                  | MR. NELSON.         |                  |
| Servant . . .                                                                   | MR. HOWARD.         |                  |
| Mrs. Loosecash ( <i>a widow keeping a Butcher's shop in Whitechapel</i> )       | MRS. FREWIN . . .   | MRS. NORTON.     |
| Miss Seraphina Loosecash ( <i>her daughter, in search of a titled husband</i> ) | MISS ROGERS . . .   | MISS BARTLETT.   |
| Miss Iphigenia Loosecash ( <i>her youngest daughter, a blue stocking lady</i> ) | MISS WRIGHTEN . . . | MISS LE BATT.    |
| Madame Pauline ( <i>Keeper of a Boarding-house</i> ) . . .                      | MISS BROOKES . . .  | MISS SHEARSMITH. |

Guests, Masqueraders, &c.

Scene, Boulogne.—Rooms in a Boarding house.—Outside of Boarding-house.—A Garden.—Room with French window in flat.—  
Ball Room.

*Various Costumes of different characters at the Quadrille Ball.*

## C O S T U M E.



### MEN.

MR. BUGGINS.—Snuff-coloured suit with gaiters.

BARON DE QUATRE FRANC.—French braided surtout, red ribbon order at the button-hole, moustache and imperial.

MR. DENT.—Black suit.

PHELIM O'FLINN.—Smart livery, hat with gold band.

CAFFRE CHARGE D'AFFAIRES.—Indian dress, black face.

PRINCE NOIRPHIZTATTOO.—Indian dress, with face painted to represent a tattooed Indian.

SERVANT.

### WOMEN.

MRS. LOOSECASH.—*First dress.* Crimson silk, bonnet with feathers. *Second dress.* As the "*Mountain Sylph*," wings, &c.

MISS SERAPHINA.—White muslin, hair in the French style, sash. *Second dress.* Fancy costume.

MISS IPHIGENIA.—White muslin with sash, hair in the French manner. *Second dress.* Fancy costume.

MADAME PAULINE.—Coloured French dress, black silk apron with pockets, Normandy cap, &c., velvet round the neck with a cross suspended.

VISITORS at the ball in various costumes.

PHELIM O'FLINN with black cloak and hood.

## OPINIONS OF THE PRESS.

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"A new farce, entitled 'Nobodies' at Home; Somebodies' Abroad,' the production of Mrs. Hallett, the authoress of 'Woman's Whims,' and other popular pieces, was brought out at this theatre. We have seldom seen a more light and sparkling emanation of humour and fun; and, judging by the manner in which it was received by a very numerous audience, must become a permanent favourite with the play-going public."—*Sun*.

"'Nobodies' at Home; Somebodies' Abroad,' from the pen of Mrs. Hallett, has been produced with decided success; the introduction of the Chargé d'Affaires and Prince Noirphiz-tattoo was cleverly adapted and an excellent cut at demi-fashionable society, and told well."—*Dispatch*.

"A pleasant farce, by Mrs. Hallett, entitled, 'Nobodies' at Home; Somebodies' Abroad,' was produced with the most decided success."—*Argus*.

# NOBODIES' AT HOME; SOMEBODIES' ABROAD.

## ACT I.

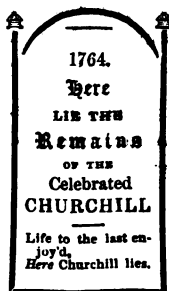
### SCENE I.—*A Drawing Room.*

MRS. and the MISSES LOOSECASH discovered, seated at a table, books, newspapers, &c. MISS IPHIGENIA writing, L. at a side-table.

Mrs. L. Well, daughters, here we are at last. How rejoiced I am to find we are got to France—dear delightful France! And then, at the hotel\* at Dover,

\* The "Ship Hotel," now kept by Mr. Birmingham, and better known than any in Europe. Here have reposed most of the crowned heads of the world—ambassadors, warriors, statesmen, poets. One room—for the diamond-scrawls—was truly designated the "Poet's Corner." Many of the effusions of Byron, Keats, and Churchill, were written on the panes of the windows. Here was composed the "Beauty and the Beast." There Churchill passed his last days, and found his resting-place in an humble grave in an old churchyard, a few paces to the northward of the lately sold—flint and chalk concrete—ruins, as the site of the antient allodial Abbey of St. Martin's of Dover,† to its House at Charing + through its *Maison Dieu*. Years after his decease, Lord Byron was passing through, and seeing the neglected and chipped gravestone, having thereon the following inscription:—

His Lordship with that generous impulse which characterised him, responded to the tombstone



implication and wish of the poet in "the Candidate," Page 236, *1800* 155. to 156:—

† *Claus' 19, B. 3. Memorandum qd' Cancellarius &c. Clerici cui teneant Hospitium suum in Domibus Hospital' vocat Maison Dieu apud Dover, quando Rex ibid'm moram fecerit.* Supposed by Sir Robert Cotton to have been the local Westminster Hall Court of Justice—for Aver and Cancel of titles to the lands held—"in Alodia de rege."

where we stopped ; how grand it was to put *our* names down in the book, they keep there of all the great people that have been *en-continent* this summer. Then, such a charming passage ! Barring, I was a little squalmish—and such agreeable passengers too ! and then how lucky we is in getting settled so soon in this elegant boarding house. I'm absolutely enchanted with every thing I sees ! how superior the French is to us ! and what a nice woman that Madam Poll Line his ! How glad I am you left your best English dresses in London ; what frights you'd look like if you'd weared'em here. (*Laughs.*) Now you do look a little *come e foat*, as we say in French.

*Miss S.* Dear mamma, pray don't pretend to speak French I beg, you will be so laughed at—

*Mrs. L.* Laughed at indeed ! Marry come up, I like that howsoever. Warn't I hedicated at one of the first seminaries about London called Seringam-patam House? where we larned everything proper for moving in the highest spear of *bong tong*, as the French says. It was

“ Let one poor sprig of bay around my head  
 Bloom whilst I live, and point me out when dead ;  
 Let it—(may Heaven, indulgent, grant that prayer)—  
 Be planted on my grave, nor *with*er there ;  
 And when, on travel bound, some *rhyming* guest,  
 Roams through the church-yard, whilst his dinner's drest.  
 Let it hold up this comment to his eyes,  
 Life to the last enjoy'd, here *Churchill* lies :  
 Whilst—(Oh, what joy that pleasing flatt'ry gives.)—  
 Reading my works, he cries—Here *Churchill* lives.”

The URN was raised, and the sprig of bay surrounded and flourished for a time, although many years elapsed before “the wish,” as above expressed, was fulfilled, and this *memento* is offered in respectful homage for its revivification.

Under “The Ship Hotel” roof Louis Philippe rested when driven into exile. An exile meritorious by industrious example, when he, like the Libyan monarch's son, Prince *Juba*, became learned and taught in his captivity, (under Cæsar's imprisonment,) writing, as Plutarch saith, The “Commentaries of the Libyan King's,” vide Lucan's *Pharsalia*, as “*Englised*,” by Thomas May, Esq., book v.

“ Adorning so his mind, as wisest men  
 In every age admired his happy pen ;  
 So, that to grace his future prosperous reign,  
 By great *Augustus* hand : restored again.”

Here Louis Philippe returned when crowned “King of the French,” accompanied by as brilliant a staff as ever graced a regal court since olden times, and here he, the Schoolmaster in 1798, at Reichenau College, slept, prior to his last embarkation from England.

To this so remarkable a spot, (independently of its sea-side beauty and “*cliff-sapphire*” salad cheerfulness of our forefathers,) the author hints, as well worth a journey now made so easy for some “*rhyming guest*” of the poet's allusion.—*Dover, August 25, 1847.*

an unlucky day for me, I know, when I married your late father, Mr. Loosecash, a poor pitiful paltry creature, I ought to have looked higher. (*Gradually raising her voice*). Miss Barbara Buggins, the cheesemonger's only daughter, of Blackman Street, in the Borough, could have picked and chused her a husband. I little thought when he used to talk about Linden Grove Viller, he was nothing but a—

*Miss S.* Hush, mamma, oh, pray hush; you will certainly be overheard. Don't speak so loud, remember where we are, and do not lessen our consequence. Consider a little, do, dear mamma.

*Mrs. L.* Well, Pheny—but now only look at your sister, arn't it wery wexatious and enough to prowoke a body to see her always poring over books and writing nonsensicle verses and trash. (*To IPHIGENIA*). Why, Iphigenia, I say, Iphigenia, do you hear! The girl minds me no more than if I was a post.

*Miss I.* (*looking up*). Yes, mamma, I hear, but I am so engaged this moment in endeavouring to trace the origin of the Loosecash family, particularly to that branch to which we belong—I have them now before me for three centuries and a half. The records of our former ancestors, before that period, being lost in the mists of antiquity.

*Mrs. L.* Fiddlededee! mists indeed! You don't mean to say you can see all your ancestors, great grandfathers, and grandmothers, and all, now before you, that have died for these three hundred years back? it must be their ghosts then. How can you go for to frighten one so.

*Miss I.* You must forgive me, mamma, but my mind is so much occupied at present—my verses too are ready for the periodicals. How charming books are—how delightful the *Pilot* of Sir Walter Scott, and *Satan* by Lord Byron. (*Continues writing*).

*Miss S.* Now my mind is quite taken up with thinking who we are to invite to the *soirées* and fancy balls we intend to give. We must ask Sir Oakley and Lady Tanner, of course; these things never go off with *eclat* without some people of title; but you know she never visits, as she considers herself a star, without her attendant satellites, no matter how lack lustre they are; so we may as well have the credit, mamma, of asking Mr. Ovid Falsetto, who sings with such taste, Mr. Horace Werter Silvertongue, the Miss Gobbles, Mr. Pericranium Solas, and the talented lady, I quite forget her name, who

conducts the critical department of the "Ladies' Monthly Penny Pocket Magazine."

*Mrs. L.* So, so, very well; but, Seraphina, dear, you quite forgot the Tartar poet, the Burmese portrait painter, the—the—the—I can't remember the Prince's name.

*Miss S.* Oh, you mean the Prince Noirphizattoo, ambassador extraordinary from Timbuctoo, and the *Chargé d'affaires*.

*Mrs. L.* Yes, my love, what a memory you have.

*Miss S.* Then we must ask the celebrated Evelina Cloudbrain, who was actually three whole weeks a resident at Japan, and has published an account of her said residence in three very thick volumes, imperial octavo, which the Japanese, who cannot certainly be allowed to know anything about their own country, have impudently designated to be decidedly untrue from beginning to end; and we must have Mr. Pennyline, that dear love of a fellow; he will, if he is invited to the party, insert the important intelligence conspicuously in a paragraph, for every morning paper in town, for which he is engaged to contribute fashionable intelligence.

*Miss L. (reading) aloud.* "He came, 'twas night, a sable darkness hurl'd,

In clouds profound, this transitory world;  
But from the light, that from his armour flew,  
Her own, her lovely warrior met her view.

The breeze was hush'd, all nature—"

*Mrs. L. (interrupting her).* Stop, stop, don't interrupt us, for we had just got as far as the Prince—

*Miss L. (romantically).* What is the Prince to me! You have put some beautiful lines out of my head. I was just going to address my own true knight and wander with him to my bower.

*Mrs. L.* Well, well, go into the garden, there you will find a bower, and, perhaps, a knight, go and finish your poem there, love.

*Miss L. (rises slowly from her chair, repeating).*

"At solemn midnight sombre hour

I'll seek my sweet, my silent bower."

*(Takes the poem, crosses R.)* Oh! Thaddeus of Warsaw! Heigho! [Exit R.]

*Mrs. L.* Well, now dear, we must leave your sister to her odd whims, Thaddeus Worser, and her poetry.

*Miss S.* But, mamma, as we know so few people here, we had better give them we do know a *carte blanche* to ask as many as they please.

*Mrs. L.* Give them a what! Pray don't mention such a thing as a cart, 'tis so low and vulgar; and, you forget, you han't asked Ensign Coddle, of the Tower Hamlets' Militia, and remember to direct it properly, for Ensign Coddle, H. P.

*Miss S.* What's H. P. for, mamma?

*Mrs. L.* Why half-pay, to be sure! Now do just read what we have put into the newspaper.

*Miss S. (takes up a newspaper and reads).* "The Misses Loosecash, accompanied by their maternal parent, have arrived at Boulogne, and taken up their abode, until a suitable mansion can be obtained for their accommodation, *en pension*, at Madame Pauline's establishment. These ladies are the co-heiresses of the estate of Molehill Manor, from which ancestral mansion, scarcely to be equalled in beauty in the British dominions, they have repaired to Boulogne to enjoy the salubrious breezes of the ocean." Ha! ha! ha! I think that will do excellently. Dear mamma, how clever you are.

*Mrs. L.* So I was always counted. (*Looks at her watch*). How time flies, we must now go and prepare for a drive with your lover, the all-accomplished, charming, gay, gallant Baron de Quarter Frank, in his brisky.

*Miss S.* Let us haste to join the delightful Baron.

*(Exeunt L.)*

## SCENE II.—A Garden with a View of the Harbour

*Enter PHELIM, R.*

*Phe.* I hardly know what to make of my new mistress and the young ladies; to be sure they are very kind, and I have got a good place and little to do—bad luck to me though for laving ould Ireland. My mother, the darling, did throw her ould shoe after me for luck's sake, to be sure, but I wanted to see foreign parts, and so here I am got to Bolougne.

*Enter MADAME PAULINE, L.*

*Mad. P. (curtsies).* Bon jour, Misterre O'Flen, I so mouch wish, so happy to meet you alone; for I loave de English, de Irish, de be all one anoder de same.

*Phe. (aside).* I hope she isn't going to make love to me—that's no go.

*Mad. P.* Your ladies so *distingué*, I love dem so mouch. Now do tell me all about dem, *mon ami*?

*Phe.* And is it yourself that axes? La, madame, how

pretty you are. (*Aside*). Well, that's what I call coming it and no mistake. Faith, I'll tell you all I know, and, moreover, what I don't know.

*Mad. P.* Oh, monsieur, how kine. Where did de lady engage you?

*Phe.* Engage—engage—hired I suppose you mane! Well, then, you must listen to a long story: in the first place, you must know, I come from Cork, that beautiful city, Cork, in ould Ireland, by long say; that is to say, I came to Bristol. Och! that place didn't suit, at all at all, because I couldn't find a place in it for myself, so I set off in a big hurry in hopes of getting over by some chance to France, when good luck sprung up, by the run I made against my mistress and her daughters. "Begg pardon, ma'me," said I, she was taken with my looks I suppose. "Do you want a place, young man?" says she, "Arrah," says I, "I do, and there's lots of my betters, ma'me, no offinee I hope, wanting e'm too;" so she axed for my character. "Character!" says I, "who can give you one so thru as myself, since I must know more about myself than anybody else." She smiled, her pretty daughters smiled, I smiled—an Irishman can niver stand a pretty girls' smile, so I was hired at once. We got into a sort of a ship wid a big chimney smoking all the way, and here I am, madame, at your commands.

*Mad. P.* Don't talk de follie. I want to know where de Molehill Manour and de Linden Grove is? dey talk so much of dem.

*Phe.* Faith I can't tell, I've seen plenty of molehills in my time, but I know nothing about the mole's manners, for I niver was acquainted wid one, and as for groves—sure haven't I seen the Groves of Blarney, jewel!

*Mad. P.* (*aside*). Oh, de stupid, stupid man! I am *enragé*! I can get noting I want; I will leave him. Monsieur, adieu. (*Curties, aside*). *Bête.* [*Exit L.*

*Phe.* So, she wanted to pump, didn't she? but she found the well dry, for the best reason in life, for I know nothing myself. 'Tis true I didn't much like going to Bolougne at first, for they tould me in London 'twas called the Queen's Bench, and that Calais was like the Fleet Prison; but I didn't much believe 'em, for I thought they wouldn't put me in jail sure for nothing; and I found out t'wasn't true, for the English people come here to cheat their creditors and keep out of a prison themselves at home. Och! I shall never forget the day when I parted from my late good master, the Captain at the Cove of

Cork. He was going out to the Ingees, in a transport, wid the regiment aboard. "Phelim," says he, "will you lave me?" he was a good fellow, but that was no wonder, for he was an Irishman. "Phelim," again, says he, "will you lave me, my good lad?" (*Appears much affected*). My sowl came up into my eyes and then rushed out into two beautiful fountains of water. "You can't go wid me," says he, "unless you list for a soldier." I thought of my mother and the ould whisky shop at Cork, "No," says I, "I can't go for a soldier any how; hope your honour won't be offended." "God bless you," says the master, as he stipped into the boat, "you are a kind-hearted good lad; may you never want a friend;" and he tipped me a tin pounder, not a cannon shot, but as good "a Matt."\* Marshall as ever came from the Bank of England or Ireland. I watched the boat alongside the ship, I saw the ship underweigh, I watched it till it seemed but a little speck on the ocean, what I suffered—nobody was by, tears came to help me, or I must have died, I can't forget it even now. (*Puts his hand before his face*). But the worst of all is, the first news I heard of my brave master was, that he, with many others, had died of faver. Well, time they say, makes us forgit, but never, while Phelim lives, can it make him forgit his kind master (*Looks off*). But here comes Miss Iphy, and all melancholy thoughts fly away when I see her; she's a pretty creature. I'll pretend not to see her.

[*Exit R. U. R. as if listening, occasionally showing himself, unseen by her.*]

*Enter MISS IPHIGENIA. L.*

*Miss I.* How charming our first party will be, all in fancy dresses. What shall I decide on for myself? Sterne's *Maria*. That will never do, for she must play upon a pipe, only think how ungraceful, a pipe in a lady's mouth. *La Sonnambula*—no, that won't do either, for nobody yet ever danced quadrilles in their sleep. How I wish I was a sprite, or a fairy, I could then be anything I pleased.

---

\* A name now used on the £10 bank notes—prior to its use was that of Abraham Newland, giving origin for the old joke, and song—

"As some people say,  
Sham Abraham you may,  
But you mustn't sham *Abraham Newland*."

## SONG.\*

Oh! would I were a sprite,  
 I'd play among the trees;  
 And dance away the night,  
 To summer's gentle breeze.  
 Then midst the roses rove,  
 And twine a wreath so gay;  
 To deck the brows I love,  
 While round them I would play.

Oh! would I were a bee,  
 In orange groves to fly;  
 Steal sweets from every tree,  
 And in the blossoms lie.  
 The morning dew-drops sip,  
 And buz from flower to flower,  
 With perfume on my lip,  
 I'd rove from bow'r to bow'r.

If a fairy I could be,  
 I'd range through ambient air;  
 For gliding o'er the sea,  
 My sailing shell prepare.  
 I'd bribe the softest gales,  
 As o'er the waves I rove;  
 To fill the spreading sails,  
 That waft me to my love.

[Discovers PHELM at the back of the stage, he pretends not to see her.

Miss I. How interesting he looks! How can mamma be so imposed on as to believe he ever before was a servant. From the first moment these eyes beheld him I knew it was an assumed character to conceal himself—probably he is a nobleman, has fought a duel, killed his adversary, and fled to this country for protection; that must be the case. Phelim, (PHELM comes down). 'Tis in vain that you seek to disguise yourself from me, I am certain that I know all.

Phe. (aside). Know what! Disguise, disguise did she say? Sure, on my conscience, she don't mane to say I'm disguised in liquor? It can't be that any how. No, miss, I'm proud to say an Irishman is above disguise, except now and then, when he takes a little drap too much of the cratur.

Miss I. (smiles). Now, tell me, what motive brought you to this country? I think I can guess.

\* Sung by Miss Poole. Composed by the late Mr. E. Fitzwilliam. Third Edition, sold at Mr. KEEGAN's, Burlington Arcade.

*Phe. (aside).* By my soul she's smiling on me! Bless her sweet eyes.

*Miss I.* You come from Ireland, either on account of having fought a duel, or else you have assumed your present character to make you better acquainted with the manners of the lower orders, to enable you to write more correctly a work on the genealogical, topographical, and etymological history of this country; or, perhaps, you are an antiquarian?

*Phe.* A what! (*Aside*). What is she talking about! I wish she'd spake either English, or Irish, any how. No, miss, I've no notion about writing any history, at all, at all; but if you want to know about 'tiquities of Ireland, I'm the boy to tell you. There's the beautiful ruins of Killmallock and Adair, and the round towers where the kings used to live, and the ould bogs; and my father's house, the shebeen shop at Cork, is so very ould, that we thought it would have tumbled down long ago.

*Miss I.* Shebeen! Oh, I suppose some great manufactory?

*Phe.* Faith and you may say that when you write to your friends, the greatest manufactory in all Ireland; for they are to be found from one end of the kingdom to the other. (*Aside*). She don't know what a whisky shop is, what a pity.

*Miss I.* Come, come, confess at once, I know I'm not deceived. (*Sighs*). Oh! Thaddeus of Warsaw!

*Phe. (aside).* Confess! What the plague is she at now? making herself a priest and wanting me to confess; that's funny by the powers. I haven't the pleasure of knowing Mr. Thaddeus Warser, ma'me. Where does he live?

*Miss I. (presses her hand to her heart).* In my heart, heigho! (*Appears in deep thought*).

*Phe. (aside).* I'm sorry for that. I hope he don't take up all the room as I wish to get into a little corner of that myself, ahem! An Irishman never despairs; I'll brush up to her a little. Did you bût know who and what I am and what my feelings are—(*Sighs*). It is impossible for me to express them at present.

*Miss I. (as not noticing the last speech).* I know the O'Brien's, the O'Flaherties, the O'Donoughues, the O'Pherralls 'Ban,' are all descended from the kings of Ireland—the O'Flinns were once kings of Munster.

*Phe. (aside).* Kings of the gipsies then. What the devil shall I say to her? Oh, lovely Ban-shee! Learned, charming young lady, will you then condescend to assist me in my—my—my—(*Stammering*).

*Miss I.* I know what you were going to say, literary researches.

*Phe. (aside).* 'Twas more than I did. You are quite right, miss, there you hit it.

*Miss I.* Oh, yes, with pleasure! I knew I was right, but, for the present, let the secret remain with us; be cautious, be prudent—farewell. (*Going, returns*). Still support, for a short time, your assumed character. I must now return to my studies. In the evening we will talk further (*Aside*). I have discovered all and found at last a Thaddeus of Warsaw. (*Drops a note*). [*Exit.*

*Phe.* By the powers she's in love wid me! Oh, me, what shall I do! Oh, Shela Maguire! Shela Maguire! what would you say to this, honey? but, no matter, you are in Dublin and I'm here, there's plenty of husbands to content you there, only go to Stoney Batter, my dear, that's all. (*Going, sees the note that was dropped*). What's this! a note she has dropped. (*Takes it up*). For, for who? Phelim! By St. Patrick that's myself. (*Opens and reads*).

Do bees delight their sweets to steal  
From ev'ry perfumed flower;  
Do roses all their sweets reveal  
At daybreak's peaceful hour.

Do larks delight, at morning light,  
To soar with merry glee;  
So I, my love, this very night,  
Delight to meet with thee.

Phelim you're in luck, my boy, and won't I meet her, and won't I be carrying off one of the pretty heiresses, any how; but I'll not desave her; no, an Irishman hates desate; but if she won't belave me when I spake truth, how can I help it? If she was here how her sweet lips would be telling me what I ought to be doing. I don't know what it is, but there is something about an Irishman that the girls can't withstand, 'specially, when I sing my nate song about Paddy O'Toole.

### SONG.—“ PADDY O'TOOLE.”

(“ *Pat's Picture.*”)

Oh! Ireland's the country for nate Irish boys,  
For whisky, potatoes, for mirth, and for noise;  
Oh! a country like that, sure you never did see,  
For fun, and for dancing, for frolic, and glee.

There as trudging along, with shillelagh you go,  
You see pretty mud-cabins stand all in a row.

Then how gay and how frisky  
Is Pat with his whisky.

[*Spoken.*] There you see him with his delicate brogues on his feet, his little dudden pipe, and big coat, with his sleeves hanging behind to keep his arms warm,

And who is so brisk, eh ! as Paddy O'Toole.

The smoke comes so naturally out at the door,  
And a nate little turf-stack is placed just before ;  
A clane bit of straw, for a bed in cold weather,  
Where the fowls, hogs, and family all pig together.  
There Pat and his Judy, with whisky and song,  
Oft welcome their neighbours, nor think they do wrong.  
He never is weary  
Of love and his deary.

[*Spoken.*] To be sure he isn't, and a great man too, when he stands on his own potatoe ground, brandishes his shillelagh and says, " who dares tread on my coat, Och ! who dares to cough."

Then who is so cheery as Paddy O'Toole.

'Twas at Ballymullen he met with his deary,  
And thought of her charms he should never be weary ;  
Her pretty black eyes—Och ? such tenderness spoke ?  
As they glanc'd at poor Pat, 'neath the hood of her cloak  
Then shortly to Father O'Shannon they come,  
Faith he tack'd them together as tight as a drum.

Then with fiddle and tabor  
He rests from his labour.

[*Spoken.*] Pat, Dermot, Barney, my lads ; Norah, Kathleen, my lasses ; welcome as the flowers in May. Arrah ! Mrs. O'Toole, don't be after misbehaving yourself, but be putting about the poteen.

Then welcome his neighbours does Paddy O'Toole.

And then the delight that an Irishman takes,  
At dances, at weddings, at fairs, and at wakes ;  
On his bit of a nag, spite of weather and wind,  
He trots off to the wake with his Judy behind.  
There they kiss and they smoke, and drink, fight, and roar,  
'Till they're almost as dead as the man on the floor.

Then sweetly they cry,  
" Och ! why did you die ?"

[*Spoken.*] Oh ! botheration ! Why will you die ? Wasn't there potatoes, whisky, and butter-milk enough for you ? Hubbaboo !  
And leaves us—Oh ! fie, says Paddy O'Toole.

END OF ACT I.

## ACT II.

SCENE I.—*Outside of the Boarding House. A board outside with "Board and Lodging."*

*Enter Mrs. and Miss SERAPHINA LOOSECASH, R., bonnets.*

*Mrs. L.* The drive, how charming it was, and we stopped so long that we have no time to lose in order to prepare for our *sore-eye* to-night. (*Knocks at the door*).

[*Before they enter the house, enter MR. DENT, R. with a carpet bag, as just arrived from the packet.*]

[*Exeunt Mrs. and Miss LOOSECASH into the house.*]

*Mr. D.* Surely my eyes must deceive me! that can never be my old acquaintance, Mrs. Loosecash and her daughter, that I saw entering that house? What can induce her to leave her butcher's shop in Whitechapel, I wonder! Ten to one to pick up husbands for her silly affected daughters. Well, at all events, they would not go into a house that was not respectable, and as I am looking about for a lodging, and I see there is some there to be let, perhaps they will suit me, so I'll knock. (*Knocks at door*).

*Enter MADAME PAULINE from house.*

*Mr. D.* Pray, madame, can you accommodate me with board and lodging for a few weeks?

*Mad. P.* *Oui, monsieur*, with pleasure.

*Mr. D.* (*gives his card*). You have good society at your table, no doubt, madame?

*Mad. P.* *Oui, monsieur*, yes, sare, I have always de

first lady and *gentilhomme*, persons de consequence dat visit Boulogne ; among oders, I have, dis time, de Baron de Quatre Franc, from Paris, and de elegant Misses Loosecash, de co-heiresses of Molehill Manor and Linden Grove.

*Mr. D* (*aside*). Then I wasn't deceived. Molehill Manor and Linden Grove, ha! ha! ha! Co-heiresses, indeed! Ha! ha! ha! Why, ma'me, the mother keeps a butcher's shop at Whitechapel ; as for Linden Grove! 'tis a little cottage close to the turnpike-gate at Islington ; and, as for where Molehill Manor is, they are as much in the dark, where that is, as the moles that live in them.

*Mad. P.* Oh! sare, how astonish, how much surprise I am. *Entré*, pray walk in.

*Mr. D.* Well, ma'me, you will be convinced by only asking her, at the dinner-table, if she thinks the meat in France equal to that sold at Whitechapel, ha! ha! ha!

*Mad. P.* Ha! ha! ha! *Allons!* [*Exeunt into house.*]

## SCENE II.—*Drawing Room. Chairs, tables, &c.*

*MRS. AND MISS SERAPHRINA LOOSECASH discovered.*

*Mrs. L.* What a nice drive we had with the Baron—how everybody stared at us—and the Baron, dear man, how fond he is of you. I could not refuse to lend him the two hundred pounds he asked of me. How shameful for his banker in Paris to disappoint him when he has such large estates in France, Italy, and Germany ; and how angry he is that his family jewels are not arrived for the wedding.

*Miss S.* They are now the only things wanted, and he almost fears they are lost ; and, as they are family diamonds, all the money in France could not make him sufficient reparation, as it is his desire that his bride should come out with the same blaze of splendour, as his mother appeared at the court of Marie Antoinette.

*Mrs. L.* Well, there is something in the French nobility so *extingué*. I hope soon to see you *mi lady*. I shall cut Mrs. Higgins, of Eastcheap, and Mrs. Watling, of Watling House, Watling Street, when I gets to London, that's poz!

*Miss S.* Mamma, how often must I tell you, you should not say my lady, but baroness. Hush! the Baron comes.

*Enter* BARON, L.

*Bar.* Ah! *ma chère* madame, my beautiful Seraphine, *ma chère* baroness dat is to be. I have laid a wager wid de Prince Noirphiztattoo, for a hundred pounds, dat my bay horses beat his greys, in a trot, on de sand to-day. Deign, sweet young lady, to honour me wid your presence, good wishes, and smiles; you, dear madame, shall hold de stakes.

*Mrs. L.* Stakes! what stakes? They were as high as fourteen pence a pound, when I left home; that is, if they were rump.

[*MISS SERAPHINA becomes greatly agitated.*]

*Bar.* Romp! romp! what is romp? I not know. Some English for *bet* I suppose? Young lady, *votre mère*, ah mamma, not understand?

*Miss S.* Oh, Baron, there's a common saying in England, "I'll bet you a rump and dozen," meaning a dinner party, and a dozen of wine. (*Aside to Mrs. L.*) For shame, mamma, I blush for you. I've brought you off this time, however.

*Bar.* Oh! how droll! I laugh at de romp, ha! ha! ha!

*Enter* MISS IPHIGENIA, R.

Here—your sisterre. I call madame de full blown rose, you, your sisterre—de beautiful buds.

*Miss S.* Baron, how you flatter.

*Mrs. L.* And so you thinks, Baron, that we English women are prettier than the French?

*Bar.* Oh! *oui, oui*, madame, we have not dat beautiful complexion like you, madame, and your lovely daughters, though you look much more like dere sisterre, elder; de beauties of Paris, like de leaf just before winter, *jaune*, which I tink you call yellow, ah—ah—me not like dat—den, in dress, you have de taste amazing; and when I hear, *ma chère* Seraphine sing von little song, I am enchant, I tink myself at *La Scala*, Milan. (*Aside*). When I got de two hundred pounds I wish I had asked for four.

*Mrs. L.* Baron, how I likes the Het-talyon Hopperer! How delightful 'tis to see Grisi act Persiani, and La Blache dance. My daughters are the tiptops of the Islington Assemblies, I can tell you, though I says it that shouldn't say it. The Miss Flyblows, of Clare Market, are nothing to 'em.

*Bar.* (*To* MISS SERAPHINA *as he leads her to and fro*

in front of the stage ; MRS. LOOSECASH appears in extacies ; Miss IPHIGENIA in deep thought at the back). Oh ! let me bear you to scenes where love and admiration wait ! We will go to Italy's fair clime ; dance by moonlight to de soft warbling flute on de banks of de Arno ; glide in our gondola to the sound of de guitar through de street of Venice ; sip sherbet wid de grand Turk ; feast in bowers of oranges and roses ; and little Cupid's bands of flowers shall be all de chains you shall wear. But now I must say adieu, for I go to meet de Prince. Adieu, adieu. (*Kisses MISS SERAPHINA's hand*).

[Exit L.

Miss I. I have resolved, mamma, to retain my own name, and represent Iphigenia, in that beautiful poem of *Cymon and Iphigenia*, written by Albert Smith. I dare say I shall find a Cymon—(*repeats*)—

“Cymon, a clown, who never dreamt of love,  
By chance was stumbling to a neighbouring grove—  
He walk'd along, unknowing what he sought,  
And whistled as he went—”

Mrs. L. Stop ! What an high—dear ! There shall be no whistling here, depend upon it. How low and vulgar. I can never teach you to be genteel, like me—who would have thought of sich a thing ?

Miss I. (*as not noticing, repeats*).—

“Whistled as he went for want of thought.”

Miss S. Now, mamma, pray excuse me, for I have just remembered it is time for me to go and arrange my dress for the evening party.

[Exit R.

Miss I. (*repeats*)—

“Her jetty locks, which careless break  
In wanton ringlets o'er her neck,  
Completes the rural scene.”

Mrs. L. Scenes, nonsense, scenes, indeed ! There shall be no scenes here just like a play-house.

Miss I. (*repeats*). “Too lovely Iphigene.” (*Sighs*).

Mrs. L. Well, my mind's made up as to my custom—

Miss I. Say costume, mamma, if you please.

Mrs. L. How you do interrupt a body so, on sich a serious occasion—custom and costume, 'tis just as one. I intended being Belindar, in a *Rape of the Lock* ; but on turning it over in my own mind, I think the *Mountain Sylph* best suitable for my face and figure.

Miss I. (*aside*). Mercy on me ! She'd look much better as one of the beefeaters in the Tower.

*Enter Miss SERAPHINA, B. — Screams and throws herself on her mother's neck.*

*Mrs. L.* Child! child! Whatever is the matter?

*Miss S.* Oh, mamma, I'm lost, ruined, and undone.

*Mrs. L.* Heaven forbid! What has happened?

*Miss S.* And what's more, you will be ruined.

*Mrs. L.* No, no, child; nobody wants to ruin me at my age.

*Miss S.* And my sister will be ruined too!

*Miss I.* (c. r.) You'd better mind your own business than trouble yourself about me. (*Aside*). She little knows about the kings of Ulster, Munster, and Connaught; or of the royal blood that flows in the veins of dearest Phelim.

*Miss S.* But I've seen him! I've seen him!

*Mrs. L.* Seen! Who?

*Miss S.* Why that fellow, Dent, the dentist, from London; he is now in this very house. I saw him talking with Madame Pauline in the dining-parlour. Oh, mamma, he will betray us, and I shall lose the Baron, the coronet, and the jewels. What shall we do?

*Mrs. L.* Let me consider. We must lose no time, or all will be up. The best way is to write him a polite note—say we heard of his arrival and invite him to the party this evening—that there is a secret, and beg him to be silent respecting us for the present. I see no other way.

*Miss S.* I'll go and write it directly. [*Exit R.*]

*Mrs. L.* How unlucky! But come, dear, we must make the best of a bad matter. I hope the note won't be too late. If he has said anything already, we must turn the tables on him and say he's an impostor. [*Exeunt L.*]

### SCENE III.—*A Street in Boulogne.*

*Enter MR. BUGGINS, R. MR. DENT, L. they meet in c.*

*Mr. D.* (*starts*). My good old friend, Mr. Buggins, how strange! Why wonders will never cease! And is it possible I see you? I should just as soon expect to meet St. Paul's and the Monument this side the water as you! May I inquire what it is? I think I can pretty well guess?

*Mr. B.* Glad to see you—very glad to see you, Mr. Dent. I don't wonder you're surprised; but it was a newspaper brought me here.

*Mr. D.* A newspaper! How odd!

*Mr. B.* Yes, a newspaper. What should I see, two days ago, on taking up a newspaper at the coffee-house, but an account of the arrival, at Boulogne, of Mrs. and the Miss Loosecash's, and some nonsense about heiresses and a manor. At first I could not believe 'twas my sister and nieces, till I saw Linden Grove mentioned, that little box of a place up at Islington, where you may ring a bell with one hand and open the door with the other; and, as there is half a dozen evergreens in pots before the door, these silly women call it Linden Grove, so I went to the hop and found 'twas them sure enough—and I found too they had taken lots of money with them—so I came off directly to save them from ruin. Perhaps you may have seen them and can tell me something about them?

*Mr. D.* Yes, sir, I've seen them, at a distance, and have taken a lodging in the same house with them. Had you not come over, I intended to have endeavoured myself to save your niece from ruin, as she is going to be married to a penniless peer of France, who lives by his wits, and, to my certain knowledge, when I was in Paris, last summer, had four wives living at that time. He has borrowed money too, I understand of your thoughtless sister, they are going to give a fancy ball, *en costumé*, to-night—

*Mr. B.* Going to give a what! Going to the devil! She'd better have stayed at home and looked after the shop—a better business, Mr. Dent, nobody has got about Whitechapel—and the girls might have got well married to honest young tradesmen, if they hadn't got such silly nonsense in their heads.

*Mr. D.* Now, sir, I would advise that you conceal yourself from them until the evening, then present yourself at the ball and judge for yourself, and save your family from destruction. Shame at detection will do more than all the persuasion in the world. They keep a footman too, I hear, and he is Irish to boot.

*Mr. B.* A footman! that I can hardly give credit to. I'll abide by your advice, my dear friend, for it is good; but, take notice, I'm not going to make a Tom fool of myself to-night and dress up like one of the Bartlemy Fair show folks. Come, Mr. Dent. [Exeunt, L.]

SCENE IV.—*A Room with a French Window in flat, opening into a Garden.*

*Enter* MISS IPHIGENIA, L.

*Miss I.* (*goes to window and looks out*). Where can Phelim be that he is not in the garden as he promised; surely nothing has happened to prevent his coming? What a charming window this for *Romeo and Juliet*:—

“O! Romeo! Romeo! wherefore art thou, Romeo!”

*Enter* PHELM *from the window.*

“Deny thy father and refuse thy name.”

*Phe.* I'll be shot, miss, if I do that for anybody. Deny the good ould soul, not I? and, as for my name, as I niver did anything yet to disgrace it, why should I be ashamed of it? Well, I've settled everything wid the captain of the ship that's going to Ireland, and we must be on board by twelve, that will be a good time, as then they will all be dancing away, and then you won't be missed for some time, you know.

*Miss I.* I hope the moon will shine to-night; 'tis so charming to see it “tip with silver all the fruit-tree tops.”

*Phe.* Pooh! never mind the moon, jewel, and as for fruit, the best fruit in the world is pra-ties.

*Miss I.* (*repeats*)—

“And as her flying fingers kissed the strings—”

(*Places herself in the attitude of playing the harp*).

*Phe.* Kissed strings! What nonsense! Who, I wonder, would kiss strings when they could kiss a pretty girl. I'm sure an Irishman wouldn't. (*Kisses her*).

*Miss I.* Oh! fie, Phelim; but, for the little blind boy, Cupid's, sake, I suppose I must forgive you.

*Phe.* Blind! blind! Why should the boy be born blind? But, 'tis a comical name you mane to give the child of our's, however. But, whether you call him Cupid or Venus, or St. Patrick, love, 'tis all one to me, so you are pleased.

*Miss I.* Oh! you affect not to understand the Heathen Mythology—

*Phe.* Heathen—what?

*Miss I.* I shall see you in Ireland enjoying yourself on the mountains, “with all your little flock at feed about you.”

*Phe.* No, miss, I shouldn't like to keep sheep at all, and only fancy one's self on the top of Magillicuddy's Rocks, near Killarney, on a cold rainy day. Pretty sort of enjoyment that.

*Miss I.* Killarney! Oh, where the beautiful lakes are! (*Sings one verse of the song of "Kate Kearney," unaccompanied by the orchestra*). Then you knew that lovely creature, Kate Kearney?

*Phe.* Why I heard a song about such a body, miss, when I was a boy; but, by the piper that played before Moses, if she's alive now, she's as ould as my mother. Now do let us talk a little sense, love. I've been thinking about that Mr. Thaddeus Worser, oftener than I can tell you, a rascal—when we are married niver let him get into my potatoe garden, or put his foot over my threshold, if he does his coat will get the biggest bateing wid my shillelagh, and wid him in it into the bargain, so I beg you'll give him timely notice, that he may keep his ugly mug out of the way.

*Miss I.* Ha! ha! ha! Don't be alarmed. Why it is only a book.

*Phe.* A book! And have I been frightening myself, honey, all this while about nothing but a book!

*Miss I.* 'Tis very true, nothing else I assure you; but we must now separate, for I hear some one coming; you will wear a black domino at the ball; at the commencement of the quadrilles I will be watching for you; hush—(*puts her finger to her lip*)—not a word more.

[*Exit Miss I. R. PHELM through window.*]

## SCENE V.—*A Room in the Boarding House.*

*Enter MADAME PAULINE, R.*

*Mad. P.* I don't know, for my part, who would not keep de boarding-house; if dey want to get marry, dats de place for find a husband, *oui*, dat dear accomplished man, Monsieur Dent, to fall in love wid me, ha! ha! ha! Whoever would have tought dat Madame Pauline, de keeper of de boarding-house, at Boulogne, would become Mrs. Surgeon Dentist-Dent! How well dat sounds! But den he has so much taste, and says he keeps a cab, and will take me to London, and will introduce me to de first society in Norton Folgate, de Minorities, Smithfield, and

de Borough; how pleased I shall be, ha! ha! ha! I cannot help laugh at de old bochere woman, how surprise she was, and how she faint at dinner, to-day, when I ask about de meat at Whitechapel, and what a tumbler full of water dey trew in her face, ha! ha! ha! But how I am laugh and idle my time when I ought to be doing twenty oder tings, and seeing if de ball-room is ready for de party. Mrs. Surgeon-Dentist Dent! Oh, how charming! Ha! ha! ha! (*Song introduced*). [Exit L.]

SCENE VI.—*A Ball Room brilliantly lighted.*

*Before the scene changes, the end of a Quadrille is played by the orchestra; two sets in fancy costumes are discovered making their congés to each other as just having finished a quadrille.*

PHELIM, *disguised in a long black cloak with hood, the BARON DE QUATRE FRANC standing L. Many persons representing various characters walking about. Music ceases.*

*Enter SERVANT.*

Ser. The Caffre Chargé d'Affaires. [Exit.

*Enter CAFFRE.*

[*All the characters stare at him.*

*Re-enter SERVANT.*

Ser. The Prince Noirphiztattoo. [Exit.

*Enter the PRINCE in an Indian dress, his face painted to represent a tattooed Indian.*

Characters. The Prince! The Prince!

[*All crowd around him. Orchestra plays Quadrille.*

*Enter MISS SERAPHINA, R. in a fancy costume, dancing. The BARON meets her, C. and joins her in the dance, then enter MISS IPHIGENIA, who goes towards PHELIM, they retire up the stage.*

*Enter MRS. LOOSECASH, dressed as the Mountain Sylph, with wings, &c. dancing.*

[*A Quadrille is formed; the PRINCE dances with Mrs. LOOSECASH; Miss SEMPRINA with the BARON; Miss IPHIGENIA with PHELM. Near the conclusion of the Quadrille, PHELM steals off with Miss IPHIGENIA, U. E.*]

*Enter MR. DENT, MR. BUGGINS, and MAD. PAULINE, L.*

[*Mrs. LOOSECASH sees MR. BUGGINS, screams, and faints in the arms of the PRINCE. All the characters in a state of confusion.*]

*Mr. B.* Sister, sister, don't be alarmed; I come to save you all. This Baron, who has swindled you out of your money, under pretence of marrying your daughter, is already married to four wives; but he shan't get a fifth out of my family if I can help it.

[*BARON seems confounded.*]

*Miss S.* And have I lost a husband, a title, and jewels? Oh!

*Mr. B.* Be thankful, niece, you have escaped being ruined by a villain, and, as for jewels, you possess two brighter jewels than any that adorn Her Majesty's crown, God bless her, for you have still innocence and virtue.

*Mrs. L.* Oh! where, where, is Iphy; somebody, perhaps, has carried her off?

*Enter PHELM and Miss IPHIGENIA, U. E.*

*Phe.* No, ma'me, but she was about to carry off some body, and that's myself.

*Miss I.* (*throws herself into her uncle's arms*). But my heart failed me when I saw my dear, dear uncle, and I couldn't go without speaking to him.

*Mr. B.* Young man, who are you, and what trade do you follow?

*Phe.* Trade is it you mane! why the whisky trade to be sure when I'm at home.

*Mr. B.* And where's that?

*Phe.* And is it yourself that axes such a question when you hear me spake! Why Ireland to be sure.

*Mr. B.* Well, niece, I'm better pleased that you have fallen into the hands of an honest tradesman than if you had married a lord; and, hark ye, my lad, I'll give you five hundred pounds to begin trade with, and be godfather to the first boy, provided he's called Buggins.

*Phe.* Long life to your honour! and "may you never die till the grass grows on your upper lip." Now, won't we have a whisky shop in Cork, (*to IPHIGENIA. BARON is stealing off, PHELM stops him.*) Stop a bit there! the devil's own luck go wid you, and you can whistle a jig, if you plase, to all the milestones you mate in your way home, and don't forgit to give my compliments to 'em.

[*Exit BARON in a rage.*]

*1st. Cha.* There's a good supper below and plenty of wine; we may just as well go and partake of it.

*2nd. Cha.* So I think; let us go.

*1st. Cha.* My Lady Tanner let me conduct you. (*Offers his arm to LADY T.*)

*2nd. Cha.* Come, Mr. Falsetto.

[*Exeunt all but MR. BUGGINS, MR. DENT, MRS. and the MISSES LOOBECASH, PHELM, MAD. PAULINE, the PRINCE, and CHARGE D'AFFAIRES.*]

*Prince.* I shall take care again how I visit such low persons.

[*The PRINCE looks with contempt and struts off followed by the CHARGE D'AFFAIRES, L.*]

*Chargé d'Affaires.* Canaille!

[*Exit.*]

*Mr. B.* Mr. Dent you have acted the part of a kind friend in this business, I shall never forget it; together we have saved the happiness and reputation of my family.

*Mr. D.* If I have served you, sir, I am very happy in so doing; and, at the same time I have served myself, and found a good wife in the person of Madame Pauline, who I beg to present as—Mrs. Dent, elect.

*Mr. B.* Well, now that's right, just as it should be, and I wish you both much joy. (*To PHELM.*) Give us your hand, my brave boy (*shakes hands*), long may the Rose of England twine with the Irish Shamrock.

*Phe.* Hurrah! hurrah! Erin go bragh!

*Mr. D.* And the Thistle of Scotland too, sir; I am a Scotchman. *Triumfata in una.*

*Mr. B.* Ah, I hope so. Now then, sister, nieces, friends, let us away for old England. Farewell France and folly. Never let us forget that society forms so many links of a chain, each depending on the other, from high to low. Then never be ashamed of the land that gave you birth, or the honest employment that procures you an honourable independence.

*Phe.* Bravo! old buck! (*Slaps him on the back*).  
 Bravo, I say, you couldn't have said anything better if you had been a born Irishman twenty times over. Well, I love England, for 'twas there I first saw my beautiful Iphy, wasn't it, love? Don't blush so, but hould up your head like a man. But, though we are going to keep a shebeen shop in ould Ireland, yet sometimes we mane to return and see our kind friends in merry England. I hope they won't forgit us in our absence and be as happy to see and welcome us as we shall them. But there's one thing above all others we wish for, that is, when—*these*—our English relations and friends come to Cork, they won't forget to call and give their support to Phelim and his whisky shop.

THE END.

L.

*Disposition of Characters*

R.











